Kent News.

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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

ROCK HILL COLLEGE.

Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Situated upon the slope of one of the picturesque hills overlooking Ellicott City, Howard county, Md. Scientific, Classical and Commercial courses. Students are received as boarders or day scholars. For particulars address BROTHER DENIS, PRESIDENT. a16-3m.

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Silk-Lined Overcoats as Low as $15. Very Handsome Coats with Silk Facings for $8, $8.50, $10 and $12. Strong-Wear Overcoats as Low as $6, but the better grades go faster. English Styles come under the $15 class—the finest Meltons, Kerseys and Cheviots cost only $20 to $25. Our $10, $12 and $15 qualities are decidedly popular. Extra effort put into Light-Weight Overcoats intended for dress. Doing an enormous business in Light Overcoats. Showing styles not usually found in clothing stores.

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FURNISHINGS.—We also have a Choice Line of Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear and Hats, all new and Choice Designs.

BOOTS and SHOES for MEN, YOUTHS and BOYS.

FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY.

We have them in stock any size, style, or width you want, and also make to measure, of the Finest Stock and Workmanship, and Guarantee a Fit in Every Case. Full line of Men's Boys' and Youths' Boots very low. Can also save you money on this line of goods. THE RIVETED SHOE, Men's $2.75, Boy's $2.50. Come in and get squarely dealt with.

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BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBER GOODS

for Men, Ladies and Children, in all Styles and at PRICES TO DEFY COMPETITION. We cordially invite you to inspect our stock, believing we can at all times suit you both as price and quality. We are still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE ON THE SHORE. We also handle the justly celebrated Snag Proof RUBBER BOOT. In fact we keep everything pertaining to a well regulated Shoe Store. We have also added to our stock a nice lot of UMBRELLAS, which will be handled at bottom figures.

Very respectfully, THOS. G. WROTH,

Sept. 20, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

Coal and Wood.

ORDERS IN ANY QUANTITIES LEFT AT D. A. BACCHUS' GROCERY STORE, OR AT

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Building and Whitewash Lime, Cement and Plastering Hair,

AT CITY PRICES.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

Delivered at any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad at Low Figures.

Come and see us before buying.

m17. J. D. BACCHUS.

COAL and WOOD!

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell Coal at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 Pounds for One Ton.

Office on Cannon St., near Princess.

J. T. TWILLEY.

July 17, 1890—tf.

MARGUERITE.

The purple shadows were falling thick and fast in a lonely little Swiss valley near the lake of Geneva. To a lonely traveler on one of the mountain slopes above, the scene in the valley below was one of inexpressible peace and beauty. The tinkling of the herd bells came softly floating towards him on the balmy evening air, while the ringing of a distant church bell chimed in harmoniously with their silver notes. Far beyond the hills lay the beautiful lake like a sea of crystal, its surface reflecting the myriad rays of the descending sun.

He turned to his guide and inquired the distance to the valley below. Finding that it was the nearest halting place for the night, he turned his donkey's step down the steep decline.

The quiet scene impressed him wonderfully, and somehow he longed to rest in the little secluded hamlet, so shut in from the outside world and its roar and bustle.

Maurice Carlton was not a happy man. Wealth and position failed to give him what he longed for more than all else in the world—love and sympathy. Left an orphan at an early age, his life had been a singularly lonely one. He had never known the tender, sacrificing love of a mother, the respectful love of a father, nor the clinging, sympathizing love of a sister or brother. Not much wonder then, that when he did love, it should be with the whole strength of his retiring passionate nature. But his dream of happiness was very brief, and he awoke with a shudder to find the woman at whose feet he had lain the wealth of his heart, a cruel, heartless syren, one who had lured numbers to her feet by the witchery of her charms, and then had laughed in exultation, as their barks freighted with love were pitilessly dashed against the granite of her nature, like vessels of the poor sailors in the ancient legend of the Loreley.

Several years had elapsed since that cruel bitter time, and now, though his last spark of love had been extinguished when he passed from her presence forever, there still remained a remorse and sadness never to be lifted, he feared.

Travel and change of scenery had failed to chase the cloud from his brow, and as he descended the Alpine slope this lovely summer evening, and thought of his long and dreary childhood and the solitude and gloom of his future life, something like a moan of agony escaped his compressed lips.

Musing in this strain, he heard not the warning of his guide in front, to beware of the rocky slope which they were now descending. A stumble of his animal, an exclamation from his guide, and Maurice felt himself thrown to the ground, then knew no more.

The next day when he awoke to consciousness, his eyes opened on surroundings perfectly strange to him. The room in which he lay was darkened, and all things were at first indistinct. But instinctively he felt that he was not in one of the humble cottages of the villagers. The flowers on a stand near his bed; a soft, easy chair near the table and several other little articles attested the presence of a person of refinement. As his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness he descried an elderly woman near the window, dozing over her knitting.

At his first movement, however, she got up and came quickly to his side. A gratified exclamation escaped her as she discovered his consciousness, but at his first words "Where am I?" she placed her fingers softly on his lips and said:

"Please ask no questions now. The doctor says you must be perfectly quiet, and if you talk I cannot answer for the consequences. I will tell you where you are, and then I shall expect you to be still and go to sleep.

"Yesterday evening your donkey stumbled and fell a few yards from our house, and, this being the nearest place, you were brought here in an unconscious condition. I am the servant of Mrs. Morley, an English lady who has been in Switzerland for more than a year for her health. She and her daughter and I and a manservant are all living here. Now, I have told you enough, and I shall expect you to try to sleep."

Maurice closed his eyes obediently, but despite his efforts sleep failed to visit him. Yet so still he lay, that his nurse imagined him asleep and soon resumed her seat by the window.

How delightful it was to lie here and be tenderly cared for; to listen to the humming of bees, the warbling of birds, and above all to a sweet English voice in the garden below, softly singing "Annie Laurie."

This was followed by other tender, plaintive airs, and Maurice listened like one entranced.

When the singing ceased, some one entered the hall below, softly mounted the stairs, and paused at the door of his room.

"Nurse, how is he?"

"Come in, Miss Marguerite," said nurse; "he was awake a little while ago. Now he is fast asleep and seems to be doing very well."

He heard some one approach his bed, and the same unknown voice said, "Poor fellow! how pale he is.—I wonder if he has a mother or sister to mourn for him if they knew."

By an irresistible impulse, he opened his eyes to find gazing into them one of the sweetest faces he had ever seen.

With a swift, startled movement she left his side and passed quickly from the room.

A week passed, and Maurice was able to recline in a large easy chair. Mrs. Morley had visited him frequently, but nothing had he heard of Marguerite. Her tender, pitying voice kept ringing in his ears, and he longed to see her again.

Finally he was allowed to go down stairs, and while resting on the large shady porch, he spied her coming up the garden walk, her hands laden with flowers.

Her mother called to her, and with a blushing, smiling face she came slowly forward to meet the invalid stranger. Mrs. Morley soon left them, and Marguerite sat down on the step, arranging her flowers into a bouquet. She chatted quite gayly, but Maurice saw that she was ill at ease, and surmised that she was worrying over the possibility of his having overheard her remarks about him. He decided to attempt to put her at ease, and so began:

"I think I recognize a voice that I heard several days ago; do I not? No, do not go, please," as she made a hasty movement to rise. "I want to tell you how I appreciated your sympathy and thought for me, and—well I have no mother or sweetheart; if I had been killed no one would have mourned my loss."

A look of pity entered her violet eyes, and almost unconsciously he murmured, "Thank you."

The days passed rapidly, and oh! so pleasantly. But the time came when Maurice found that he could no longer encroach on their hospitality. He bade adieu but traveled no farther than the inn in the village below. "He was anxious to see the Alps in the Fall," he said. But something besides the Alps was luring him to remain, and a pair of dark blue eyes rose constantly before him.

He had grown to love this tender, sympathizing little girl as he had never loved the other one. Weeks ago, he had told her of his life, and the love of his manhood and she had listened with tears in her eyes.

One cold day, late in October, he climbed the hill leading to her home, and met her at the gate all cloaked and hooded. "Good evening, Miss Marguerite; are you going for a walk? I have come to see if you will not take a last ramble on the cool slopes. If this weather continues, not many more such strolls for us this year."

Together they sauntered forth, and soon found themselves on the bleak, dreary hills, with the wind whistling shrilly around them. They talked of many things, quoted verses, discussed books, and hummed snatches of song. At last Maurice sang that beautiful song of Burn's.

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, on yonder lea,
My plaide to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee."

Clearly he sang it to the end, but when he reached the last strain, his voice slightly trembled over those tender, closing words.

"The brightest jewel in my crown, wad be my Queen."

Then he turned to her with such a light in his eyes that she was fairly dazzled.

"Marguerite," he scarcely more than whispered.

No answer and he tried eagerly to catch a glimpse of her averted face.

"Marguerite," clasping her hands in his, "will you come to me, my darling, and let me shelter you from all life's storms? I am so lonely, dearest, and I love you more than my own life. Can't you love me a little in return?"

Still no answer, and with a wild fear at his heart, he turned her unwilling face to his view. But what he saw there, banished all his fears, and as he clasped her fondly to him, she softly whispered:

"I love you not a little, Maurice, but very very much."

There together they stood on the bleak Alpine hills, the wind playing mad pranks amid the leafless branches of the trees and shrieking down the ravines like some lost soul. But what cared they for the wind and cold?

Coming down the steep decline, his cloak protecting her from the fierce blast, and his arm guiding her faltering steps, he fondly murmured those lines of the song,

"The desert were a paradise, if thou wert there."

His life had been crowned at last, and no longer need he fear loneliness, and lack of love. "All was over now, all the restless, unsatisfied longing."—*Balto. County Dem.*

Ending the War.

As we lay facing the rebel lines around Petersburg that last winter of war the men in the rifle pits refrained from firing at each other, except when ordered to do so to cover some new movement. One night I was in a pit about half a mile from what is known as the "crater," and I soon found that there was a "Johnny" in a pit facing me, and only a stone's throw away. Everything was quiet in the neighborhood, and I had been in the pit about an hour when he called out:

"Say, Yank, what about this hyar wah?"

"What do you mean?"

"When are you 'uns gwine to quit?"

"When you are licked clear out of your boots."

"Shoo! you can't do it in a hundred years."

"Well, we are going to keep trying."

He was quiet for a few minutes, and then said:

"Say, Yank, this is an awful wah."

"Yes."

"Heaps o' property gwine to wreck."

"Yes."

"Does 'uns lay it to me?"

"Well, you are helping to keep the war going."

"And I hadn't orter?"

"Of course not."

"And if I should come over to 'uns it might end this fussin."

"It would help."

"Wall, seems that way to me. Pears to be sort of duty. If I can stop this bloodshed and won't do it then I am an onery man, hain't I?"

"You are."

"Hain't got no true speerit in me, eh?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll come. I'm a headin' right fur you, and do you be keerful that your gun don't go off."

He came to my pit bringing his gun along, and as I passed him to the rear, he said:

"This ends the war and I'm powerful glad of it. Reckon your Gineral Grant will be surprised when he wakes up in the mawnin' and finds the rebellion all peter-ed out and me a eating Yankee hard-tack."

Electricity to Bake Bread.

Of the novel applications of electricity there is no end. Bakers are now using the electric motor as a bread mixer, and thus enable to do in four or five minutes an amount of work that would otherwise require hours of hard labor. A writer in a medical paper says he has frequently obtained much relief from facial neuralgia by applying an incandescent light to the part effected. He suggested that the lamp could also be used in poultice advantageously. It could be laid over a flaxseed or other form of poultice and constant heat could thus be secured.

LAWYER BREAVES—"That fellow Biggeley who has just got ten years for theft is an old schoolmate of mine. We used to belong to the same class." Wickwire—"Used to?"

WICKWIRE—"I hear you have sworn off, Mudge" Yep—"It was beginning to affect my mind. Every time I got a little full I wanted to discuss the tariff."

The Chester River.

From the Chicago Weekly News, Oct. 16.

Messrs. Editors: I returned a few days ago from a land almost unknown to most of us—the "eastern shore of Maryland"—the center of the peach belt, a land of terrapin and turtle doves, of canvasback ducks and the fairest women the sun shines on (save in Chicago, of course). The Chester river is over five miles wide at its mouth and flows into the Chesapeake past the "Point of Love." On its banks there still stands Chestertown, founded by Lord Baltimore, but the city his rival founded nearer the bay has fallen in ruins.

The River Rhine is famed in song and story,
Forever there brave Tell his bow is bending,
Its waters ran with gore to gain men martial glory,
And like fame's light the river flows unending.

The Tiber, too, its turbid current dashing
Resistless down toward the welcome sea!
Above its noisy waves we hear loud crashing
The bridge that held but late the dauntless three.

The Rubicon still to our ears is telling
That would-be Cæsars here are striving ceaselessly
To mount on every wave of tumult swelling
That drowns, e'en for a time, the bell of liberty.

But there's a river, modest as true worth is,
That flows adown a land above all others blest.
Its waters blue are broaded as e'en the Firth is,
Mirrored on its bosom lie the shores I love the best.

No foemen fierce upon its banks are bending
Their bows in bloody, fratricidal strife;
Though Cupid from bright eyes his shafts is sending,
His arrows give, not death, but glorious life.

Each ocean wave in rivalry is rushing
To seek the gladsome joys it knows above;
But ere it finds, its noisy tumult hushing,
It first must round and hug the "Point of Love."

W. T. Atkinson.

Haddonfield, N. J., October, 1890.

CROSS PEOPLE.

"I believe," exclaimed a bright woman one day, "that I would rather have a really wicked person in the house, if he would only be good-natured, than to live with the best one who was cross."

This was extreme, but anyone who has ever endured the society of an irritable companion for many days will feel a sympathy with even this strong statement. Such a companion is a species of torture.

It sometimes seems as though almost every duty were more forcibly impressed upon the young than the duty of amiability. In many quarters this virtue is absolutely at a disadvantage. The cross ones are likely to get a reputation for greater ability than the pleasant ones. "Fools," we are told, are always amiable."

We plead for a reform and so pleads everybody who happened to be in a certain house in an inland town, where a handsome and fashionable young woman was stopping with an aunt who had every claim upon her tenderest consideration.

"Are you going out to the cliff?" the young woman would demand of her aunt.

"I don't know yet," the aunt would respond, wearily.

"Oh, dear, I wish you could ever make up your mind!" the niece would fret.

"But I must wait and see how I feel after my dinner," the invalid aunt would protest.

"If it wasn't that it would be something else," the niece would exclaim petulantly.

"You're always waiting, always undecided. I get so sick of it!"

The aunt bore her young charge's (or superintendent's) vagaries almost too sweetly; but the hateful little bicker and impudence of the latter were unendurable to the outside listeners, before whom she took no pains to control herself. Yet this young girl was a member of a church. She would not have lifted her hand against her aunt, yet she gave her daily worse insults than a physical blow.

"The blow a glove gives is but weak,
Does the mark yet discolor my cheek?
But when the heart suffers a blow,
Will the pain pass as soon, do you know?"

It is to women that the poets are always giving praise for their amiability. It was a woman to whom belonged those

"Sweet lips whereupon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."

But it is doubtful whether women are really so equable as men. Xantippe and poor Rip's wife are types of a very large class.

It is reasonable to expect that women should be less amiable than men, Emerson says, "All healthy things are sweet-tempered." It is only within a few years that women have begun, as a class, to take a proper care of their health. Even now they are not expert in the art, and more than half our women are semi-invalids.

A woman's mode of dress, her diet, her indoor and monotonous life, have all been against her. Women are more conscientious than men. They ought to have more principle about keeping a pleasant face on; but when the whole nervous system is ajar from insufficient nourishment and close air, an angel could not always keep her temper. It was only she who "felt so pretty and pleased all day" who "could not take the trouble to be cross." When one is baffled and thwarted all day, crossness becomes a luxury that most women are too prone to indulge in.

But oh! how it spoils and degrades family life.

Fowls with Water Crop.

Some poultry men have more or less trouble with ailing chickens. I would not, says a writer in Farm and Home, advocate doctoring them, preferring the hatchet in most cases, but occasionally may be cured. The symptom of a bird with water crop is a poor appetite, but it craves and drinks water until its crop is distended and becomes sour. To treat take a bowl of warm water, in which is dissolved a quarter of a teaspoon of baking soda and take the fowl's head in the left hand and with the body under the arm, holding the head downward with the neck extended. Hold the beak open with the right hand and manipulate the contents of the crop down and out of the mouth. Then give a good dose of soda water; a spoonful is sufficient. Manipulate as before, rinsing out the crop well and being careful not to irritate the crop so as to cause inflammation. Coop the chick by itself, feed sparingly a few days with bread and scraps from the table, with a good sprinkling of charcoal. Put five drops of nitric acid in the drinking water. This will generally cure it.

How to Make a Good Boy.

"They all put brandy in them," said one.

"They all don't. My mother has never put a drop of brandy into her mince pies since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy and it tasted good. Mother said than it was wrong, and she never would be guilty of it again. And if mother says a thing is wrong; for what mother knows, she knows."

"How about mince-pies? Are you sure she knows how to make pies good?" and a laugh went up from a group of girls gathering around the register of the recitation room, eating their lunch.

THE CATTLE IN WINTER.

Cold, inclement weather will soon drive the stock indoors, as it were, and the matter of arranging the barn and yard for them will become an important one. Too often this work is neglected and improperly attended to. Excessive warmth or imperfect protection from the cold are the rule rather than the exception in stock yards. Neither is conducive to robustness, health or profit. If excessive warmth is obtained the animals will become diseased, impure air will poison the blood, and the warmth will so dry the skin and open the pores that the slighest cold draught will produce dangerous colds. Throat diseases, pleuro-pneumonia and like diseases are sure to find their way into such cattle houses. On the other hand, imperfectly sheltered cattle will succumb to disease through exposure. Draughts blowing on them during cold wintry nights will be the sure messengers of insidious diseases. If snow and rain are allowed to drift in through large cracks and holes, the health of the animals is greatly deteriorated. The excessive amount of heat which they have to throw off to warm the outer suface of their bodies is a great drain on their systems, and it invariably reduces their vitality so that they easily succumb to the attacks of disease. All of this affects the milk supply, too, and is a most important fact for the dairymen. Many recommend to keep the cows in barns or sheds artificially heated by stoves, and to give them nothing but warm water. All of this is founded upon wrong hygienic laws. The animals need cold, bracing air when the weather is clear, and during storms or excessively cold weather they need to be kept in barns comparatively temperate. They need good food, moderately cold water, but not icy water. Draughts should be avoided, but the air should be changed every day so that they will not be breathing over the same air hour after hour. The sheds should also be kept clean, and it is well to keep near at hand such absorbents as dry swamp muck, or fresh leaves, or saw-dust. Any fine material such as these will absorb the liquid, and prevent disease and make good manure for the crops of the following season.

In the winter time the importance of a regular and constant supply of salt is not fully appreciated by all stock growers, and especially by those who keep only a few animals. The average farmer gives the salt to the animals when he happens to think of it, and this is sometimes not very often. The best result can be obtained from rock or lump salt placed in the feed boxes. The danger from taking too much salt comes not from having it on hand all of the time, but from denying the animals of it for a long period. Then in their eagerness to satisfy their natural cravings they will sometimes eat more than their systems really require. It is seldom that an animal will take in more food or water than they really require. They know when to stop even if their masters do not. Salt is an essential constituent of the blood, and salt hunger may lead to excess when the animal is suddenly permitted an opportunity of supplying its lack. Many of the common foods given to the animals are lacking in salt constituents, and hence this essential must be supplied artificially. Animals on the farm will need more of it than on another, for on some soils it is lacking in the soil itself, and the grains grow on it must necessarily be deficient. Salt is also a common constituent of milk, and if not given to the cow it must be drawn from that stored in her blood tissues. This cannot be done without seriously impairing the health of the animal. One cannot thus tell how much the animals need. The quantity must be left to them, and this can only be done by keeping rock salt near them all of the time.

THE CENSUS OF MARYLAND.

Figures of the State's Progress in a Century. County Population.

The census office has announced the population of Maryland as 1,040,431, an increase of 105,488, or at the rate of 11.28 per cent. during the decade. The following table shows the population of the State at each census, and the increase and the percentage of increase during each decade:

Census.	Population.	Increase.	Percentage of increase.
1890	1,040,431	105,488	11.28
1880	934,943	154,949	19.78
1870	780,894	93,845	13.66
1860	687,049	104,015	17.84
1850	583,034	113,013	24.04
1840	470,019	22,979	5.14
1830	447,040	39,696	9.74
1820	407,350	26,804	7.04
1810	380,546	38,998	11.42
1700	341,548	21,820	6.82
1890	319,728	.....	.....

The percentage of increase indicated is thus less than at any census since 1840. The present reported population and increase or decrease in each county during the last decade has been as follows:

Counties.	1890.	Inc.	Dec.
Allegany	41,508	3,491	.....
Anne Arundel	35,625	5,099	.....
Baltimore	72,839	.....	10,497
Baltimore City	434,151	101,838	.....
Calvert	9,859	.....	679
Caroline	13,922	156	.....
Carroll	32,187	1,195	.....
Cecil	25,812	.....	1,296
Charles	15,210	.....	3,338
Dorchester	24,799	1,689	.....
Frederick	46,974	.....	1,508
Garrett	14,183	2,008	.....
Harford	28,980	938	.....
Howard	16,255	115	.....
Kent	17,452	.....	173
Montgomery	27,111	2,352	.....
Prince George's	26,059	.....	392
Queen Anne's	18,455	.....	802
St. Mary's	15,792	.....	1,142
Somerset	24,153	2,485	.....
Talbot	19,708	643	.....
Washington	39,693	1,132	.....
Wicomico	19,942	1,926	.....
Worcester	19,787	248	.....

He Thought So.

A middle aged woman called at a Grand River avenue drug store the other evening and asked for morphine, and the clerk replied to her request with:

"Is it for your husband?"

"Oh, no, sir; I haven't got any."

"You don't think of suicide?"

"Far from it."

"What do you take it for?"

"Must I tell, sir?"

"You must."

"Well, then, don't you think that a woman 40 years old, who has had her first offer of marriage less than an hour ago, naturally wants something to quiet her nerves and give her a good night's sleep?"

The druggist thought so, and she got her nerve soother.

CORN husks are worth saving in a clean and bright condition for manufacture into mattresses.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00

Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25

Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at onger periods at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

The Ideal in Life.

There is a frequently repeated saying to the effect that every American boy expects to be President of the United States. It is, perhaps, not literally true; but it seems to carry an idea of the general hopefulness and ambition which the abundant opportunities for personal distinction in this country have inspired. It is a fact that there is no other country in which the road to success is so free to all sorts and conditions of men. The great prizes of life are not numerous anywhere, and in the United States, as elsewhere, the few succeed and the many fail.

But the special good fortune of the young men of this republic consists in the fact that they are not handicapped by artificial barriers and restraints. For better or worse the masses are coming to the front in the Old World, and in the New their will is already supreme. From his cradle the American lives a life of unrest, satisfied with no elevation while any eminence remains above him.

Hope is a bird that will fly wherever its wings are free, and ambition is born of opportunity. Disappointment, of course, is the most common result. We know not how many thousands of our countrymen have grown prematurely old, and gray, and haggard, because of the political triumphs of men like Lincoln and Garfield, and the enormous accumulations of men like Vanderbilt and Gould. The example of such lives, the demonstration of such possibilities, quickens the pulse of a nation, and American ardor, energy, and enterprise have become proverbial.

Every man must have some ideal of life. It is his prerogative to fix the end of his existence and strive towards it. If that end is power, or fame, or wealth, it is the craving of vanity; if it is simply pleasure, it is an inspiration of selfishness. Whatever it is, it reflects his character and determines his destiny.

But there is this to be said of ideals of nobler sort; they can not lead to disappointment while they are cherished for their own sake. The artist may fail to paint as he would, the poet's touch may miss the magic string, the scientist may die before his work is completed, the patriot my live to see his country defeated and oppressed, the philanthropist may be afflicted by the failure of his benevolent schemes; but ideal beauty, truth, and goodness are stars that shine forever above the storms and wrecks of time. There is no consolation in this reflection for the mere materialist; it has, indeed, no meaning at all for him. He must taste and swallow, handle and hoard, or he feels that he has lived in vain.

Dairy Dots.

Dilute your cream with an equal weight of water, and you can raise all the cream in a few hours without the use of ice.

Dropping dead stock terms, the cow will calve in a couple of months, and her weekly yield of butter will meet a strong market.

If you have a boy who must hurry the cows this hot weather better start him for the city on the next train, and begin to make a lawyer or something of that kind of him.

If you fail to make dairying pay and your neighbor manages to make a little money out of it, see if he does not own better cows than you do; see if he does not have some secret about feeding which you have not "caught on to;" and see if there is not something in his management that you might make profitable by adopting.

It is the duty of every creamery patron to deliver good milk in good condition, says Mirror and Farmer. He should keep his cows healthy and in good flesh, see that they have only wholesome and good milk-producing food, that the milk is drawn and handled in a cleanly manner, and properly aired so that it will not taint.

There is no sickness or disease of a cow which does not effect the milk, says *Pratical Farmer*, and the cow escapes.

Why the Doctor Cried.

Dr. Hill's autocratic bearing in the sick room gave strangers no hint of the deep sympathy which he felt for the humblest of parents. A gentleman entering his office unannounced was surprised to find the doctor with his head bowed over his desk and sobbing convulsively. The intruder was about to withdraw in silence when the doctor wheeled around in his chair, and with tears streaming down his furrowed face, said:

"Take a seat. There is no occasion for privacy. I was thinking of little Willie M——, who has been sick with scarlet fever. It was a severe case, but I had it under control. In fact the boy was out of danger when his aunt, moved by his entreaties, gave him a hot doughnut to eat. He's nearer death's door now than he was in the first place, and there isn't one chance in a hundred of saving him."

The gentlemen was expressing regret at this sad turn of affairs when the doctor, as if ashamed of his unwonted display of feeling, exclaimed impatiently:

"I don't particularly care for the boy, what I am sorry for is that I can't kill his aunt before she has a chance to murder another sick person with her confounded doughnut."

The Gift of a Dog.

Let dog donaters ponder the following directions, and unpleasant complications will be avoided:

For a stock broker, speculator or investor in contingencies of any kind, get a pointer.

The same kind of dog also goes well with a punctuator.

For a compositor, get a setter.

For military men, dogs of war.

For the man who has lost his fortune, a retriever.

For a balloonist, a Skie-terrier.

For a pedestrian, a lap-dog.

For a detective, a spotter.

For a cattle raiser, a bull-dog.

For a millionaire, a deer hound.

For a negro, a coon dog.

For a jeweler, a watch dog.

For a sailor, a water spaniel.

For a tobacco chewer, a spitz.

For an explorer, a Newfoundland.

For a singer, a yeller dog.

For a prize fighter, a pug.

For a dude, a colly.

For an angry mother, a ma's tiff.

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